This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

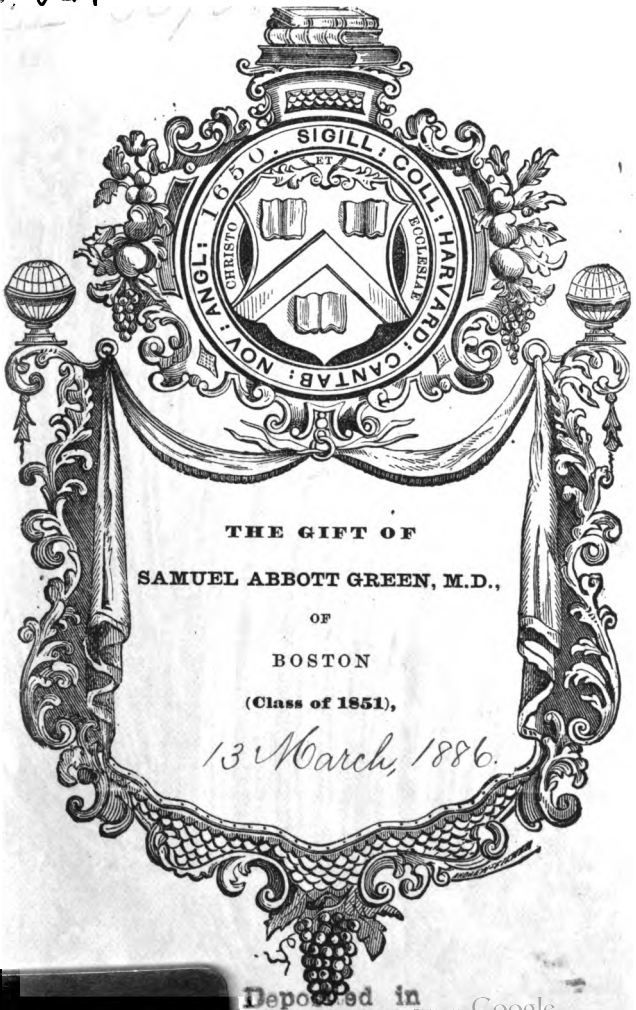
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

ANDOVER-HARVARD LIBRARY
AH 5TQR S

VILLAGE TEACHER

824
Urbino

824



THE GIFT OF

SAMUEL ABBOTT GREEN, M.D.,

OF

BOSTON

(Class of 1851),

13 March, 1886.

Deposited in

Digitized by Google

-Harvard Library

Digitized by Google

Manuela J. & Annie
D. Rogers,
Auburndale
Aug 4th
14th
1854

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

MISS KATE;

OR,

THE VILLAGE TEACHER.

A TRUE CHARACTER.

BY

L. B. URBINO.

REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

BOSTON:
NEW ENGLAND SABBATH SCHOOL UNION.
HEATH & GRAVES, 79 CORNHILL.
1854.

Digitized by Google

III. 3678

1886, Mar. 13
Gift of
Dr. [illegible]
of Boston.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by
HEATH & GRAVES,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

STEREOTYPED BY
HOBART & ROBBINS,
NEW ENGLAND TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERY,
BOSTON.

Digitized by Google

My dear Matilda, —

As you have occasionally met Miss Kate, and been able to form some estimate of the influence of such a person upon the minds of children, I think you will be pleased with this little tribute to her memory. You will see that I have shown her just as she was. When I read the manuscript to her mother, the good old lady said, "I am sure 't is every word true, Levina."

Perhaps you will wonder at my writing such a little, homely book. I wrote it to amuse myself during the leisure of sickness; and if any one else can spend an hour profitably in reading it, I shall be glad.

When I say every word is true, I mean every word relating to Miss Kate individually.

Digitized by Google

Some of the children have been fancifully attired to suit an occasion; but I doubt not that every one of whom I have spoken will recognize him or herself immediately upon perusal. Those who stood at her bedside day after day, as I did, can realize what it is to die the death of the righteous. Dear M., may our last end be as trustful as hers.

Affectionately,

LEVINA.

Digitized by Google

MISS KATE;

OR,

THE VILLAGE TEACHER.

"WHY, Samuel! what are you painting? Who ever saw a green lady, with a green cloak and bonnet, walking on green grass up to a green house, and keeping her hands warm in a green muff?" said Anna Burr, laughing, to her cousin Samuel.

Samuel said nothing, but worked on with the ardor of youthful genius.

Presently a group of healthy, smiling children were collected round the young amateur, who expressed his own satisfaction by holding up his work and ex-

Digitized by Google

claiming, "There, now! don't it look like her?"

"Yes, indeed!" they all shouted, with a burst of enthusiasm. "O, I wish you would give it to me! No, paint me one," was said almost in the same breath by each of the party.

"Who cares if it is all green? Though, if I had had more colors, I would have made the snow white, and the school-house yellow. The cloak is right, and the bonnet is very well, for she always wore a thick green veil all over her bonnet."

"But the green muff, cousin," said Anna; "can't you make it brown somehow, and let the rest go?"

"No, please don't," said little Emma Jones. "I'm afraid it would n't look so pretty. May I kiss it, I love my teacher so much?"

"Who does not love her? I should

Digitized by Google

like to know that," said a large, thoughtful boy, with glistening eyes. "I don't want to make you feel badly, but I must tell you what I heard mother say; I 've been thinking about it all night."

"Do tell us!" said the children.

"Why, she says," answered the boy, "that the teacher is too feeble to keep school, and that she is afraid she will have to give it up." At these words, he burst into tears, and the children, whose pure hearts knew no concealment, gave expression to that delicate and tender affection which so few teachers know how to plant, or even to cultivate, in the human soil committed to their care.

In a few moments the school-bell rang, and the little group, drying their eyes, entered the happy nursery of their thoughts, where they were greeted with a kind welcome by a young woman,

Digitized by Google

whose delicate countenance and feeble voice indicated but too well the presence of disease.

Little Anna, though not a member of the school, followed the children at the ringing of the bell; and when she heard the gentle voice of the teacher, praying that the lambs before her might be of her father's fold, the holy heart of the child was moved within her, and she sobbed audibly, "I wish I came here to school."

The teacher was very busy, and our little girl sat quietly, and almost unobserved, till recess; then she ran home, exclaiming, the instant she set her eyes upon her mother, "O, mother! do let me go to Miss Kate's school; I should learn so much and be so good! I can't tell you how many new things she told us this morning; and I should be so happy!"

Digitized by Google

"Stop, my child, and calm yourself," said her mother, quietly. "You have not told me where you have been; you did not ask if you might go to school, nor do you know that you were wanted there."

"O, yes, mother! she loves children dearly, and is kind to every one. You never saw such a teacher. She calls the scholars such pretty names! O, I wish I were a rosebud! Would n't you rather be a rosebud than a lamb?"

"I don't understand you, my child."

"Why, some are rosebuds, and some are lambs. It was so pretty for her to say, 'I 'll hear my rosebud class read.' Do let me go to school, mother!" said the eager child.

"I thought you did not like to go to school. Don't you remember how often you begged me to let you stay at home?" replied the mother.

Digitized by Google

"O, yes!" said Anna; "but that was so different. In my school, we have to sit so still, and fold our arms. It does hurt me, mother, to fold my arms so long every day, and then my feet go to sleep keeping so still, and it hurts terribly. There are so many scholars that the teacher don't hardly know our names, and she looks so cross I should n't dare to kiss her, and I don't want to neither; and then she don't have time to tell us pretty things."

"What do you mean by pretty things?" interrupted Mrs. Burr.

"Why, all about everything that they are reading about, — animals, and about everything. I can't remember it all, for there were so many strange things in that school. Why, don't you think the scholars stood up, and threw out their arms, and made all sorts of funny noises, before they began to read! I believe

Digitized by Google

they call that exercise. And all the scholars looked so happy! They make beautiful maps, and write pieces to put into frames. O, how I do wish I could go to Miss Kate's school!" Here the child was interrupted by the announcement of company from the city.

In the afternoon, William Smith, the boy who thought so much of his teacher's health, saddled his horse and rode over to Mr. Kate's. Mrs. Kate was much gratified to see him, for she knew that Hattie liked to ride with him, and she thought, the weather was so pleasant that it might do her darling good.

It was some time before Miss Kate was ready. She must dress slowly, and take her tea; and, then, she must be careful not to use her voice; and Willy must put a little tippet in his pocket, in case of a change of air; and many and many were the last words of caution

Digitized by Google

used by that careful mother, ere they could set off.

For some time they rode without speaking; the lady seeming too weak to converse, and the boy unusually thoughtful for one of his years. At length she said, "William, talk to me; I like to hear you; tell me about everybody. Perhaps I shall be so much invigorated by this fine air that I shall talk myself."

"Please do not, my dear Miss Kate," interrupted Willy; "for I heard your mother beg you not to try; she said your ride would not benefit you, if you used your voice."

"That is true, Willy. How good you are to be so careful of me! My dear mother is so anxious, that she thinks me worse than I am. Why, I am pretty well, thank God! Don't you think I look well to-day?" and as she turned her pale face to the boy, her eye beam-

Digitized by Google

ing with intelligence and kindness, any one would have said she looked well, though far from healthy.

"Where will you go?" asked Willy; "my horse seems to follow yours."

"Fanny knows that it is about time to visit Aunt Brown; she is heading that way. I thought you were leading, and have not minded where we were going. Did you know that my father set out all those beautiful trees around the school-house, and up the road as far as your house?"

"Yes, one day, when we were standing at the end of the road, he said, 'Willy, how many trees can you see from here?' I began to count, but soon got tired of it, and replied, 'There are so many, I am sure I can't count them.' 'I should think you might count them,' said he, 'if I could set them out;' and he turned away. I was quite puzzled,

Digitized by Google

for I did not think he was in earnest, and could not tell what he meant; so I asked father about it. Father told me he not only set out all the trees, but built all the houses, in this part of the town. How rich he must be! I wonder why you keep school, when your father owns so much! My Aunt Lydia is a great deal stronger, and not half so rich as you are, and she sits in the rocking-chair all day; and there 's Mrs. Babina, our neighbor, thinks she works very hard because she gives a few French lessons. Mother says you are the most remarkable woman she ever heard of, and — "

"Willy, stop, dear, please. If any one speaks of my faults, tell me what they say, and I will try to improve; but when they begin to praise me, it makes me unhappy."

"Who ever heard the like?" ex-

Digitized by Google

claimed the boy, in astonishment. "Why, don't you praise the scholars, when they are good, to make them happy? I'm sure, nothing pleases me so much as to have you tell me that I'm 'paving the way for useful manhood.' When little Susan Brown came out of school the other day, she ran and hugged a tree, kissed a dog, patted a cow, and asked us if the sky ever looked so clear, or the ground so bright before; and when we inquired as to what ailed her, all she could say was, 'O, I am Miss Kate's best lamb to-day!' while she jumped and clapped her little hands. O, I wish you had seen her eyes shine!"

"Dear little thing!" murmured Miss Kate.

"Now, was n't she happy by praise?" continued Willy, "and have n't you told us, many times, that the natural feelings

Digitized by Google

of little children were right and true feelings?"

"My good boy, I think I can easily make you understand what I mean, with so pleasant a subject as that little lamb. She is too young to depend upon her own judgment, though she knows when she is naughty and when she is good; and, placing unlimited confidence in me, my opinion, aided by her knowledge, acts upon her mind in precisely the same way as my reason acts upon mine; she believes, or rather she is convinced, — for there is much difference between conviction and belief, — that she is good when I tell her so, and the purity of her own mind leaves no alloy to that childish joy falsely called happiness. On the contrary, when any one praises me for that which was a natural instinct, or was done from no higher motive than pleasing myself, reason comes in to tell me there is no

Digitized by Google

virtue in studying to please myself; and points to the thousand things I leave undone. Can I feel, that, 'in the sight of Him who sees not as man sees,' I live a disinterested life of usefulness? Can I be happy because people say things which they hear others say, or for the sake of saying something? With all respect to your mother, my dear Willy, I feel that she knows of me only the gossip of our village."

"But everybody praises you," insisted the boy; "and, certainly—"

"There, there, please don't! Come, tell me what you know about the trees. O, how I love the trees! What can be more beautiful? Look down that slope before us; see the harmony of shade in the green — some light, some dark, and all so nicely blended!"

"Beautiful, indeed!" replied Willy, and he looked archly as he said, "Do

Digitized by Google

you know that all your scholars love green?"

She felt the delicacy of this expression of the affection of her little ones; for, reader, she had seen the Green Picture, and admired the tact of the child, who painted a winter scene in summer, that he might take advantage of heavy drapery in getting an unmistakable likeness.

After a few minutes, Willy continued, "Apples — seedlings, don't they call them? — bear in about six years. O, I mean to plant all the seeds of good apples!"

"But, if you plant seeds from grafted trees, you will not have the apples you expect to —"

"I remember, you told us all about that. I believe you said peaches would come to maturity in three or four years, plums in five, and cherries in about

Digitized by Google

eight. As soon as I go home to-night I'll begin to plant trees. Somebody will be glad of them, if I am not here to enjoy them myself. What does your father want to do with so many cherry-trees?"

"I don't wonder you ask, he has so few of them picked. He says he has raised them for birds. He likes to have robins round the house."

"I don't know much about forest and ornamental trees; will you tell us some day, when you feel like it?" asked William.

"I will," replied Miss Kate. "Here we are at Aunt Brown's. How quickly we have come!"

"Lord bless you, child!" said an old lady, tottering to the little garden gate, as they rode up. "It does my old eyes good to see you! Now, do come in; I'll bring a chair to help you off your horse."

"No, thank you," said our little

Digitized by Google

cavalier, "I can help her." So saying, he placed himself in such a position that she could lean upon his shoulder and dismount without difficulty; Fanny, standing quietly all the while, with her head turned round, as if to see that all was just right on her part.

As they entered this abode of poverty, Willy was struck with its air of cheerfulness and neatness;—a small bed and arm-chair, covered with white factory cotton, window-curtains and table-cover of the same material, a braided carpet, an old chest of drawers, bright brass andirons, and running vines around the windows. A sunbeam peered through the vines, and rested upon the old lady's spectacles as they lay on the open Bible which she had been reading. "There," said the child, to himself, "that is it; this poor old woman finds comfort in her book, and she has learned to 'catch a sun-

Digitized by Google

beam,' for it rests on her spectacles, and reflects itself in her eyes. How lovingly she looks upon Miss Kate! I'm sure she's a good woman. I used to think all old people were cross, till I rode with my teacher. *All* she knows are pleasant and kind; I love them because they love her."

"Who is this fine lad, Hattie?" said the old lady. "I don't think I ever saw him before. I a'n't apt to forget children. Will you go out, my boy, and see my garden? 'T a'n't much that an old creeter like me can do in a garden, but I do what I can."

Willy went out and amused himself, while the good teacher kindly administered to the spiritual and bodily wants of the poor old lady. She gently drew a purse from her pocket, for she well knew that it was useless to try to invigorate the spirit while the body was suffering for aliment. She was in the habit of laying aside a certain portion of her

Digitized by Google

earnings for the poor, and giving it so judiciously, that it could but be well applied. I spoke of invigorating the spirit; few persons know how delicate a matter it is to speak with the poor so as to do them good. Sweet and gentle words, and that formal politeness which bears the tone of patronage, are not enough; there must be feeling, the true feeling, by which heart speaks to heart. Our young teacher's heart, bubbling over with the milk of human kindness, was never at a loss for the right expression, in just the right time; a careless observer could not understand the feeling which prompted her to listen quietly to the little ails of the present, and the minutiæ of by-gone days, which render the tongue of old age voluble.

"I am sorry to go, but mother begged me to be home before night-fall," said Miss Kate, rising to depart.

Digitized by Google

Tears started to the eyes of the old lady as she said, "Who will be so good to me when you are gone? Where is the lady who will be so much interested in my welfare, and bring me so many cheerful hours? You have been my greatest comfort since I lost my poor John. God bless you! I know that you must soon follow him. That cough—ah me! It breaks my poor old heart." And she followed her to the gate, and watched her out of sight, saying, "Good creeter! dear angel! would to God that that sweet voice might lull me to my last sleep!"

Miss Kate looked so thoughtful, that, for some time, Willy hardly dared break the silence; at length, he said, "I have been thinking I might do something for Aunt Brown. What do you think of my taking care of her garden?"

"It would be very kind, certainly;

Digitized by Google

but, perhaps, not the best thing you could do. She is poor, it is true, but her wants are all supplied, and the little she does in her garden serves to amuse her, and prevents her brooding over her loneliness. Whenever you wish to do any private charity, seek those objects who have the fewest friends. It almost always happens that a few interesting poor have everything done for them, while the many are suffering. Depend upon it, if you have the heart to do good, my boy, you will never be wanting in objects for your sympathy."

Thus they conversed, teacher and pupil, until the house of the former coming in sight, warned them of the time for separation.

One of the best and most devoted of mothers, whose anxious look and tender inquiries bespoke her deep concern for

Digitized by Google

her only darling child, awaited her coming.

We leave her to partake of a delicate squab just presented by an Irish lad, whom she had kindly taught to read, and go home with Willy.

"So," said his father, at the supper-table, "you have been to ride, Master Willy. Your horse did not look as if he had trotted very hard. Do tell us if you go walking him about, repeating Latin verbs, or comparing the leaves of the trees, instead of riding briskly, jumping fences, and teaching your horse and yourself to be something? I'll tell you what; when I was a boy I could beat any riding-master in the city. Don't look so serious; I'm not finding fault with you; but you need exercise, and I'll give you the best horse that can be bought, if you'll make yourself an elegant rider in three months."

Digitized by Google

"My horse is as good as I wish, thank you, father; and I hope you will excuse me from riding any differently at present," replied the boy.

"Ha, ha! that's one way of backing out! So you are afraid to try! Who would have thought it?"

"No, sir, I am not afraid; but I wish a quiet horse when I ride with my teacher."

"Yes, yes; I forgot your lady rides," said the old gentleman. "Is n't there some other youth to go with her, at least part of the time?"

"I dare say many would be glad of such a privilege. Yet, as she prefers going with me, I hope nothing will prevent it."

"You speak very decidedly, for one of your years, boy."

"I hope I have said no wrong, sir. Miss Kate tells me, almost every day, to

Digitized by Google

be careful how I speak. I fear I speak hastily."

"I verily believe that good lady will make a minister of you, if I let you go to her school another seven years. Say, boy, shall I send you there till it's time to enter college?"

"You could not do better," interrupted Mrs. Smith. "If you had heard as many good things about that young lady as I have, you would be thankful that Willy is so much attached to her. I'm told that she is a thorough scholar, and has fitted young men for college. I feel very much interested in her, and would like much to make her acquaintance."

"Then, why don't you invite her to visit you? No doubt she'd come fast enough, and feel glad to have you notice her."

"Excuse me, sir," said Miss Baxter,

Digitized by Google

who had been a silent listener to the conversation, in which she was deeply interested. "You are much mistaken in the character of Miss Kate. I hardly think she could be persuaded to visit people in your standing. Set aside a few very particular friends, she visits only the poor and needy."

"Bashful, ha! What can one expect of a village teacher? Never had any opportunity to go into society, I suppose!" exclaimed Mr. S.

"Again mistaken, my good sir," rejoined Miss B. "She has long been admired and courted by many whose education enabled them to appreciate her worth. If it would be agreeable to all the company, I will give you a sketch of her life, and you can then judge of her for yourself. Willy can, perhaps, aid me by his experience."

"Well, I declare!" said Mr. Smith;

Digitized by Google

"I begin to be quite interested in our teacher. Willy, take the best bunch of grapes you can find, to-morrow morning, with my compliments, to the good lady. Now, Miss Baxter, let 's have the story; only make it short, that 's all. I hate your long yarns."

"I will be brief, sir. Miss Kate was born in this town. Her father, a long resident in, and her mother, a native of the place, were in easy circumstances, though obliged to work hard, — he as a teacher, she as a faithful housekeeper and wife, — and were much respected by a large circle of acquaintances in and out of town. As Hattie grew up, she evinced great taste for learning, and more than ordinary talent. Affection for her mother, refined taste, and the most scrupulous conscientiousness, were prominent traits in her character. At about twelve, she joined a class of lads

Digitized by Google

in Latin; and, although much of her time was occupied by those little household duties which make an important part of female education, so that she was deprived of that relaxation which the other members of her class took in exercise and pleasurable sports, she was inferior to none of them. Stimulated by an unbounded ambition and love of study, she nearly lost her sight over the midnight lamp, and, perhaps, laid the foundation for that ill-health which she has so patiently borne for several years. About this time, exercise being recommended by her physician, her father bought a beautiful black saddle-horse for her particular use."

"The mother of the one she now rides," interrupted William.

"Morning after morning did she bathe her face in the glorious light of a rising sun, and join her voice with that of birds in grateful songs of praise," continued Miss

Digitized by Google

B. "She soon became so expert in riding that she could vie with the lady equestrians of our city, and, perhaps, rode as well for a young girl as Mr. Smith did for a boy. About this time, her only sister married and removed from home. Soon after, she went to a neighboring city, and pursued the studies of music and French, previous to entering her father's school as assistant teacher. In a few years she acquired sufficient experience to teach for herself, and her father, having many public duties to perform, willingly resigned his school into such able hands. Since then she has been unremitting in her exertions to make herself an accomplished scholar. Latin, French, German, Spanish, Italian, music and drawing, filled up the few leisure hours of her laborious life, and never did a woman display a better

Digitized by Google

judgment, and more thorough knowledge of politics than she."

"To what party does she belong?" interrupted Mr. S. "I hope she won't make a Free Soiler of Willy!"

"Don't be alarmed, father," said the boy; "she will not try to influence me."

"She is a good Democrat," continued Miss B., "and has reason in all her arguments, which I think is more than can be said of most gentlemen. O, how I wish I could give her own words, in telling you how she would corner up some very wise politicians! I am told that she writes articles for newspapers and magazines; though, strange to say, I have known her to ride ten miles to deliver a verbal message, rather than write a letter."

"Well, I declare!" ejaculated Mr.

Digitized by Google

S., who seemed quite interested in Miss B.'s narrative.

"Perhaps you will think she was a little odd; and, indeed, in some things she was peculiar, if not eccentric. For example, she fancied herself so homely that it was not pleasant for people to look at her; so she wore a thick and sometimes a double veil over her face, while, at the same time, she put the most exquisite natural or artificial flowers in her bonnet, which, entwined with curls of the most luxuriant auburn hair, could hardly fail to attract attention. By the by, she is very prepossessing in appearance; her intellectual expression more than compensating for any symmetrical deficiencies. However, if there are any, she must have good eyes to see them, for we all think her a fine-looking person. I have succeeded in getting the veil off her face in a measure."

Digitized by Google

"How singular!" remarked Mrs. S. "I always thought young ladies knew when they looked well! Pray, how did she get such a notion into her head?"

"We think she inherited it," replied Miss B.; "for her grandmother, a fine-looking old lady, dislikes to be looked at, particularly by strangers, for the same reason. Miss Kate has continued teaching about sixteen years; and, although suffering from bronchial and pulmonary affections, she cannot be induced to give it up. I never saw a person so fond of children. In their society she seems to forget her sufferings entirely. I have known her to go into school in the morning, hardly able to speak, and remain there from seven to eight hours. Her scholars learn well, and love her much."

"Yes, indeed, they do!" interrupted Willy; and here he told the company

Digitized by Google

about the green picture, which pleased them greatly.

"I fear I am wearing out Mr. Smith's patience; but I do wish to say that it is my firm opinion that this retired, simple village teacher sets us all a noble example. She lives for others, for the good of society. She is planting seeds of virtue, which, I hope, will spring up and yield abundantly. Well may it be said of her that the poor and needy rise up and bless her! And the children, also, they praise her."

"Why did not such a woman marry?" exclaimed Mr. Smith. "What a capital wife she would make, if her health was good! Can't she be cured? Has she had the best advice? Why don't her father take her to the sea-shore? Such a woman is rare; too rare to lose by ill-health, I tell you!"

"I will try to answer your questions

Digitized by Google

in order, my good sir. In the first place, she did not marry because she wished to be with her mother. It was said that she was warmly attached to a worthy young man, and that, at his death, she determined never to marry. But I pass over an event too sacred, in the eyes of a loving heart, to be spoken to the stranger. Indeed, she would have made a good wife, for she was capable of performing all the duties which devolve upon a housekeeper. A lady friend, speaking of her industrious habits, said, 'Before I became acquainted with Miss Kate, I was perfectly dependent upon others. The idea of dressing my bed, or waiting upon myself, never occurred to me, until I visited her, when I began to think I could do it if she could. After that, I tried to sweep, and as I succeeded in that also, I began to go from one thing to another, till now I

Digitized by Google

can do almost anything, and feel happy in my independence, thanks to Miss K.' As to her health, I presume nothing more can be done to improve it. She has much advice, and good medical attendance. Yet there is no hope, but that, by keeping her comfortable, she may be spared some time longer. I believe she is going to the sea-shore soon."

"Yes," said Willy; "and I suppose her mother will go with her; for no one can take care of her like her mother."

"I thank you much for your short sketch," said Mr. S., "and would like to form the acquaintance of so interesting a person. 'T is the first time I ever heard of a learned young lady understanding domestic work and the like."

"O, mother!" said Mary Willard, "I have just been in to see the teacher;

Digitized by Google

and you never saw so many beautiful things as she has! All kinds of flowers, and such a lemon-tree! Why, it 's larger than some of our pear-trees; and there are buds, flowers, blossoms and fruit on it! Then, the handsomest vases you ever saw! And so many books, — one would think she had as many as a gentleman! And —"

"And why should she not have as many as a gentleman?" asked her mother.

"Because she 's a lady; and ladies don't need so many. I heard grandpa say that it hurt women to know too much; and so, I suppose, they should not study."

"I presume, if your grandfather was acquainted with Miss Kate, he would change his mind. I am sorry to say that some women, like little girls, are very proud if they chance to know a little

Digitized by Google

more than their friends; but the reason is that their knowledge is very limited. Few women have studied so hard, or thought so much, as your teacher. How was she to-day?"

"She looked very pale, mother; but she spoke pleasantly, and looked so happy, that I guess she feels pretty well."

"Do you think, my child, that people do not speak pleasantly while they are suffering? I was with that dear young woman one day, when she coughed so hard that I thought she would break a blood-vessel, and could not help weeping to see her suffer. As soon as she could speak, she begged me not to be alarmed about her, and said, perhaps she did not feel so badly as we thought she did. I can never forget her sweet smile when she said, 'I can bear it all while friends are so kind.' Remember,

Digitized by Google

my child, that those persons who groan and lament the most are seldom the greatest sufferers."

"But, mother, don't you suppose that she was made better than other folks, and that 's the reason why she 's so good? Perhaps she has no naughty temper, and can't help being pleasant all the time. She told me one day, in school, that my naughty temper made me naughty; and I'm sure I cannot help having it."

"Yes, my dear, you can, if you try. I fear my little daughter is not careful; does not watch herself, and pray to her heavenly Father to help her."

"I have so many things to pray for," replied the child, "that I don't think of my temper."

"For what do you pray, my dear?" asked her mother.

"O, for what I want to eat and drink,

Digitized by Google

and to go visiting, and have company, and all such things! I don't always get what I pray for; though the teacher says, 'God will supply all our wants if we but ask him.'"

"I think you did not pay proper attention, or quite understand your teacher. She must have told you that God would supply them, in his providence; which means, as he sees best for us. Besides, there is a great difference between wishes and wants. We wish for many things which are not at all necessary, and, therefore, are no wants. Do you thank God for all the mercies you receive, as often as you express all the wishes of your heart?"

"I 'm sorry that I almost always forget that. 'T would grieve Miss Kate, I know; for, when she prays in school in the morning, she thanks him for sunshine and flowers; for friends and rela-

Digitized by Google

tions; for everything beautiful, and all she enjoys. I wish she would let you come into school, and hear and see what's done. I know you would like it. May I ask her if she'll let you come some day?"

"No, dear; thank you. Much as I would like to go, I would not ask, for it would trouble her to refuse, and she would be obliged to; because her rule is to have no company."

"But could n't she just let you in for once? You might sit in my desk, and not hinder a bit," insisted the child.

"No; if she were to allow one to visit," said the mother, "she must another, and another; and the rule, once violated, would no longer be binding."

"There, I'll declare for it," said Orleo Mellen, rolling his eyes and shaking his head like a dancing Jack;

Digitized by Google

"there 's nobody tells the truth but you and Miss Kate! Everybody that I've had anything to do with has told me a lie! Now, what do you think of it? Where do you think they 'll die when they go to? I mean, do you think it right? That 's what I want to know."

These words were addressed to a serious and dignified woman, who had acted the part of mother, for many years, to Orleo, an unfortunate boy, who, though not a fool, was far from being of sound mind. He had formed an attachment for Miss Kate, and she kindly endeavored to bear with him, hoping that the little he was capable of learning would conduce to his happiness in after life. He watched and criticized all that people said and did, and if he found them deviating from their profession, or making any circumventions, he pronounced them

Digitized by Google

liars at once. It mattered little to him whether they heard it or not, and he would often question them so shrewdly upon their failing to do anything they had promised, that they were confounded, and knew not how to answer. The sweeping judgment I have just mentioned was called forth by an old gentleman saying to Orleo, "If you 'll do that," pointing to a man pitching hay, "I'll give you a goose!" Poor Orleo, pleased with the idea of having a goose, set himself about pitching hay in right earnest, and, after working nearly half a day, was told that it was only said in fun; that he had no geese to spare, and the like.

"Now, I say," urged he, "is that right?"

"I can't say I think it is," replied Mrs. Hart. "He ought to have been more *particular*."

Digitized by Google

"You are always talking about your *particular*. I mean to go right to Miss Kate's, and see what she says about it. I know she 'll say it 's a lie ; and that 's what I want, cause I know it is."

So, off he started for Miss Kate's. Meeting her mother, he said, "I should like to see my teacher, if you please. I 've some very particular business with her."

"She 's not well enough for business. I guess you 'd better not disturb her now. What is it, Orleo ? Can't I do as well ? "

"I reckon not," replied the boy. "I want to talk with her a few moments ; that 's all I want. I want to know something, and that I 'll stick to."

"Well, go into the parlor," said Mrs. Kate. "Go gently, won't you ? And don't stay long."

Orleo lifted his feet very high, as he

Digitized by Google

always did when he intended to step carefully; stepped on the kitten; thrust his shoulder against the side of the door, and bounced into the room, twitching off his hat and throwing his head on one side in the attempt to bow.

Miss K. could not help smiling at the awkwardness of his movements; but she invited him to sit near her, and make known his wishes.

"I would like to know what you think about it?" said he.

"About what?" asked Miss Kate.

"Don't you think everybody 's a liar? For I do."

"That is hard judgment, my boy. What leads you to it?"

Then Orleo related the goose story, concluding with, "I don't care much about the goose, anyhow; though, if I had her, she 'd make eggs, and the eggs would hatch, and I could fatten the

Digitized by Google

young ones and sell them at Thanksgiving time, and do some business. That 's my way. I like business, you know."

"Do you judge by yourself, my boy, when you say all are liars? You don't care about the goose, and yet you make your calculations upon it. Is that truth? You do care about it, and wish for it. I know you do. I think you have told me as much of a lie as Mr. Jenks told you."

"Now, I suppose you think I'm a fool, don't you? Everybody always told me I was a fool. I remember, before I came to this country, what they used to say. I was n't such a fool, though, up to Mr. Dicks' school; for the more he threw cold water over me and beat me, the more I plagued him. I'm sure you 'd say Mr. Dicks was a liar; for he used to kneel down and thank God for all his mercies and the blessings by

Digitized by Google

which he was surrounded, and then get up and swear and find fault with all his boarding scholars. He flogged me so often that I used to tell him he 'd better try agin, to amuse himself; and then he 'd pour cold water over me. O, that made me mad! I 'll kill him if ever he comes in my way! I 'll kill that devil's bait if I go —"

"Orleo, what are you saying? You make me feel so badly, that I can't have you stay with me. I hardly thought you were such a wicked boy."

"Well, I 'm sorry you feel badly, but I 've such a temper! Hope you 'll forgive me. Do you think I done wrong, anyhow, to plague that old fellow?"

Here Miss Kate, as was her custom when he became excited, endeavored to divert his mind, by showing him a small basket of stones.

"Now, do tell! Is this petrified?"

Digitized by Google

said Orleo, selecting a stone, which he turned over and twisted, looked at and smelled of, with such a foolish grin, that Miss Kate murmured, "Poor boy! If not quite, you are almost a fool!" Then she gave him some stones and shells, told him an interesting story, and sent him home, quite happy.

Mrs. Kate came in and inquired what was Orleo's pressing wish to see her.

Hattie told her mother, and the old lady, frightened by his vehemence, begged her not to have him in school any longer.

"But I feel that it is my duty," said Hattie. "If he troubles me too much, I always send him home, and Mrs. Hart punishes him. I am sure I ought to keep him, for her sake; she has much anxiety on his account."

"Where is his mother? Why don't she see to him?" asked Mrs. Kate.

Digitized by Google

"She is travelling for her health; they say she has not been well since he was born," replied Hattie. "I hardly think she could manage him as well as Mrs. Hart, if she were here. I am very thankful that I have succeeded in teaching him to read. 'T is true it has cost me many a pang; but then, you know, mother, set aside the pleasure of being useful, I'm always glad to do what other teachers cannot. I am a good teacher,—I know I am,—and I mean to be as long as I can teach."

"Mother," said little Emma Jones, on her return from school, "may I invite the scholars ino the garden, and ask the gardener to give us all fruit and flowers?"

"Yes, dear, as many as you wish, if father is willing," was the fond mother's

Digitized by Google

reply, as she looked into that innocent face, beaming with happy thoughts.

Next morning, an hour before school-time, some twenty boys and girls, large and small, and, among them, Orleo Mellen, entered Squire Jones' beautiful garden.

"Now, Willy!" exclaimed little Emma, clapping her hands with delight, "you must choose the fruits and flowers and fix us; you can do it better than I."

"I will help you, dear," said Willy; "and if you carry out your yesterday's plan, all will be right."

Mr. Jones stepped forward, and bade the gardener give Emma what she wished.

"We wish all the rosebuds you can find," said the child.

"I am sorry, miss, there are not many," replied he.

Digitized by Google

The little girl made bouquets of the rosebuds, and such small, delicate flowers as the season afforded, and placed them in the hands of the rosebud class. All the white flowers that could be found were hardly sufficient for the lambs' offering. Then the choice fruits were brought into requisition. Willie had a basket of grapes, and Samuel of green gages, from their own gardens. Each child had something. As Orleo was the tallest, and had a fancy waiter, filled with fruit and flowers, from Mrs. Hart's garden, the children thought best to set him in the middle. It was a pleasing sight:—little Emma, heading her rosebud class, who marched two and two behind her; then Samuel, with his green picture, entwined by evergreens and a basket of fruit; next, the lambs, mostly boys, bearing white flowers and fruits; then Orleo, with a garland of

Digitized by Google

oak-leaves, and his waiter tastefully decorated; after him the large boys and girls, each bearing a gift of love; and, last of all, William, with some rich clusters of grapes, on a small but exquisitely chased silver plate, inscribed "The gift of love."

"Shall we march to the school-house?" asked the children.

"No," said William. "'T would be better to carry all these things to the house; then, if Miss Kate pleases, we will escort her through the little path to the school-house."

How was the joy of this happy group of children turned to sadness, when, on arriving at the house, they were told that their teacher had been bleeding at the lungs, and was unable to see them, and there would be no school for the present! With tears in her eyes, did Mrs. Kate receive their gifts, and give

Digitized by Google

the children her blessing. They went through the little path, and round the school-house in silence; then standing before the door a few minutes, as if by mute consent, they looked anxiously at each other, and returned quietly to their several homes.

Mrs. Kate arranged the flowers in vases, and the fruit in baskets, on green leaves; the picture, the waiter and silver plate, were taken into the chamber just as they were left; and when our dear young lady awoke from a feverish sleep, could anything be more alleviating than the sight of those emblems of her rosebuds, her lambs, and her friends? Many, many times, in the course of the day, did her mother turn the bed, or change the pillows, that she might be sure to see every one, as she, pointing to this or that, smiled and nodded her thanks.

Digitized by Google

"Father," said Willie, on his return; "please choose a school for me far away from here. I would like to go immediately."

"What in time has happened?" replied his father. "I have just promised your mother that you should remain with Miss Kate as long as she kept school."

"She will teach school no more," said the boy, in so sad a tone, that his mother exclaimed,

"What is the matter, Willie?"

It was some minutes before Willie could master his feeling sufficiently to tell his sorrow. To his mother he had ever opened his heart freely; but with his father, who ridiculed his sedate and thoughtful manner, he had ever been reserved, because he feared hearing some sneering remark more than most boys of his age would have feared punishment.

"'T is sad!" said Mr. Smith; "but

Digitized by Google

we cannot change the nature of things. All are born to die; some by wasting disease, some suddenly. Come, cheer up, boy; don't take it so to heart. I'll write to Aunt Catherine, and she may make arrangements for you at her friend, Mr. Abbott's. Will that suit you?"

"Very well, thank you," replied Willie, and left the room.

"What a strange boy is that!" said Mr. Smith, after Willie went out. "He is too womanly; too sentimental! I fear he will never be good for much."

"I am surprised," replied Mrs. Smith; "that you cannot understand Willie better. He is anything but womanly, though very sensitive. You may be sure that he has the best mind of any of our children. You banter him so much, that you have no opportunity of judging. I think Miss Kate perfectly understands him, and has done more to-

Digitized by Google

wards directing his thoughts and improving his character than you and I together, and he will and must always consider her as one of his best friends. How can he be otherwise than sad, now that her end seems drawing nigh? I can appreciate his feelings, in wishing to go far away. No doubt he will plunge into study with all his might to distract his thoughts. I have no fear that he will do anything wrong. He is a noble boy — the greatest blessing God has bestowed upon me!"

"Except your husband," said Mr. Smith; and, whistling, he left the room. He was piqued at the idea of Miss Kate's forming the character of his eldest son. He had never spared money for teachers or books. He had taken him to see everything which could instruct or amuse him. He had sent him to school and to church regularly; and if he had not

Digitized by Google

lived altogether a pure life, Willie knew nothing of that. Certainly, his example in his family had been good. What more could a fond father do? Thus cogitated Mr. Smith. The idea of sympathy never occurred to him.

Orleo refused to be comforted. In a paroxysm of grief he exclaimed, "She must get well; I'll pray for her till she does! Where can I go to school, if she dies? O, I'm afraid I helped to make her sick! What shall I do? What can I do? There'll be nobody to learn me nothing! Nobody knows nothing! Where shall I go? What can I do, if I don't have my own desk in the corner? O, I'll make the fires all winter, and sweep the room, and do everything, if she'll only get well!"

Mrs. Hart, finding it useless to try to console him, advised that he should seek quiet in his chamber. Presently, she

Digitized by Google

went up stairs and heard him praying, in an eloquent and touching manner, that his dear, dear teacher might yet return to her school.

Samuel, after informing his mother of Miss Kate's indisposition, and the opinion of the children that she would not recover, added, "Now, mother, you have often said that I never learned anything at any of the schools to which I went in the city, and I hope you won't send me to school any more. Miss Kate has a way of her own; the dullest of us can't help learning. Somehow or other, she contrives to make us think and understand what we are about. I used to hate to cipher, because I did n't know why I was doing a thing. Now she has made it so clear, that it 's all pleasure to me. Only to think of her making that funny Orleo Mellen understand his sums! You 'd

Digitized by Google

think him almost stupid, if you heard him talk to us children; but Miss Kate says she finds bright spots in his intellect, and we feel quite ashamed to fail in anything, when we see how he gets along."

"What has all that to do with your not going to school? What sort of an education would you have, to leave off now?" said his mother.

"I had no idea of leaving off," replied he. "If you will let me, I will go into my chamber every day, and study hard three hours at least, and then I will draw one hour, and practise my music one hour. Perhaps you or Aunt Louise will be kind enough to help me, when I am puzzled."

"I will think of it," answered his mother.

"Please give me a trial before deciding. Try me two months. Miss Kate

Digitized by Google

thinks me capable of doing anything I set about, and she is seldom mistaken! O, I will do my best for her sake! Mother, have you any objection to my picking fruit for Mr. Jackson?"

"To-day? No, if you wish to; but come home in time for a drive," replied she.

"That is not what I mean," said Samuel. "I wish you would let me pick fruit the rest of the season. He hires boys, and I want to earn some money."

"Money!" exclaimed the astonished parent. "Pray, what use can you make of money? Are not all your wants supplied? Have you not pocket-money every month?"

"You are very kind, my dear mother," said he, throwing his arms about her neck. "But I must earn the money that I want, or it will do no

Digitized by Google

good. I'll tell you, mother, if you'll keep it a secret."

"Certainly, my child," was the answer.

"Well, I have seen a poor, sickly little man come to the school-house door now and then, and have heard Miss Kate talk to him in such a way, that I guessed she helped him. So I asked Pat, Mr. Kate's man, who he was; and Pat told me that he was a poor, sick, lonely man, who lived in an old house entirely by himself; that he would suffer in the winter season if it were not for Miss Kate. 'Bless the soul of her!' says Pat; 'she's a thrue lady, an't shure, and an angel, too, if ever one was born on the earth! I goes and carries lots o' things to that poor little creeter, and Mistress Kate she buys him clothes and gives him money. It's the money the deer hart arns with the teach-

Digitized by Google

ing the childer! She says 't would be no charity for her to give away her father's money, and that's the reason why she lets the folks pay her. She did n't tell it to me, anyhow, but I found it out, by asking what she kept school for, when the squire was so rich; and that was the answer of her. Many 's the time I wished 't would rain every day in the seven, that I might drive her to the school-house, and lift her out the carriage, if 't was only to hear her say, "Thank you!" Somehow it does a body good to be in the wake of her!' You see, mother, if you 'll let me, I can earn about seventy-five cents a week, and that, you know, will go far towards helping him. Please, mother, don't ask me any more questions."

Samuel was afraid that he should be led to speak of Willie, who had long been saving his spending money for the

Digitized by Google

right object, and had now concluded to buy a nice winter coat for the same poor individual. The only trouble with the boys was how to do it secretly. Miss Kate had so often, in her conversations with the children, spoken against that charity "which boasteth itself and is puffed up," that they considered it almost a sin to have their good deeds known.

Samuel's mother, grateful for the happy result of Miss K.'s faithful instruction, bade him God-speed in his undertaking, and left him to himself.

Many days had now passed, and she, dear young lady, was still confined to her chamber. Her strength was rapidly decreasing, her cough no better, and she felt that her course was almost run; yet no murmur escaped her lips, and a sweet smile of resignation played upon her features, as she would, from time to

Digitized by Google

time, say to her mother, "Thank you, dear mother, for all your kindness! Give me the glass, please. There, take it; I look too sick to see my little ones! When I die, mother, don't let them look at me; their recollections of me will be pleasant, because we loved each other so dearly. My lambs, it is all right; God will give you another shepherd!" Then, as she saw the tears trickling down her mother's cheeks, she would say, "Why do you weep? Am not I happy? What more can you, could you, do for me? Be thankful that I have no terrible sickness, and have my reason. O, mother, that is a great blessing!"

"Yes, Hattie, I am thankful; thankful that I have strength to take care of my darling! You have been so good! What shall I do when you are taken from me?"

Digitized by Google

"God, who has given you a kind heart, and the means to be useful, will put you in the way to do good, and that will make you comfortable, if not happy. As you love me, do not give yourself up to grief."

Mr. Kate was unremitting in his exertions to gratify the taste of his daughter, in procuring choice flowers, and he felt amply repaid by the gratification they afforded her. Perhaps a more pleasant sick-chamber was never seen; three large windows opening upon a charming lawn, fruit and ornamental trees, a brook, little island, bridge, and beyond, a road, cottages, hills, etc., afforded all that variety and beauty of landscape scenery, for which the villages of West N—— are so justly celebrated.

Mrs. Kate was one of those careful nurses who study to have fresh air in the sick-chamber, by frequently opening the

Digitized by Google

windows and doors in the course of the day, while the patient is sheltered from chilling air or currents, by throwing some light covering wholly over the bed.

As the weather grew cold, Hattie appeared to gain strength, so that, for a short time, she was carried down stairs, and out to ride in a new carriage, made expressly for her. Then did her parents begin to hope that she might be spared a little longer. But, alas! 't was not to be; another attack of bleeding laid her up for the last time. Cold weather had now set in, earnestly, and the green lawn was changed to a dazzling white; but the sick-chamber was still bright, for the sun shone in, and the lovely flowers, in pots and vases, made summer there; and, best and brightest of all, was Hattie's sweet face, when lighted up to

Digitized by Google

speak of another world, to which she was hastening.

Meanwhile, a school had been opened in Miss Kate's school-house, and some of Miss Kate's pupils attended, but they were not pleased; the life of the school was gone! 'T is true, the teacher was kind, and did her best to teach; but she had not had the experience, nor was her love for the society of children as great. She could hear lessons and give explanations, but she had no tact in making her scholars think for themselves, and before winter was out she gave it up entirely. Then were the school-house doors fast closed, and Hattie desired that no person might have the use of the building except one old friend; if she came to that part of the country she might have it; if not, she wished it closed. Reader, if you pass up that road,— and no doubt you will, if you live

Digitized by Google

near Boston, for it is a pleasant drive, — look for the little yellow school-house on your right; it stands back from the road, in a beautiful green spot, with trees on three sides. Is the door open? Are the scholars seated under the trees, and on the door-steps? If so, that friend is there, trying to continue the good work begun by Hattie's father.

The poor little man, before spoken of, lived in a neighboring town some four or five miles from Hattie. When he heard that she was no longer able to ride out, he began to think of what he could do to please or amuse her. He looked around his solitary room; he would willingly have offered the best things he had, but what were they? His old books would be of no value to her. His upright, stiff-backed rocking-chair was uncomfortable to himself; his pair of

Digitized by Google

paroquets were noisy, and they needed care. Ah! now he saw what was just the thing,—his curiosities; she like dantique things; he would take them to her the next morning, by the first train. No matter if it was cold; he had a nice thick overcoat and boots, sent by some unknown friends. God bless them, whoever they are!

The next forenoon, Hattie received a package, neatly done up, with a pleasant little note. On opening it, what was her delight, to see a mat, marked seventeen hundred thirty! It represented a black woman with a white line round her face, holding a red tea-kettle, and a green dog catching hold of her yellow skirt; it was done in tenth stitch, on a brick-colored ground. Is n't it a pity that some of our young ladies, who spend months in working from an elaborate pattern, counting stitches, etc.,

Digitized by Google

could n't have this mat to copy? Then came a curious wooden box, containing a bit of wedding cake a hundred and fifty years old; a pair of high-heeled brocade shoes, worn some eighty years ago, and quite a collection of shells and stones. "How kind!" exclaimed Hattie; "and to think he should have brought them this cold morning! Please, mother, put them where I shall see them every day."

"The table is filled with dishes and vases of the beautiful flowers your father brought home yesterday, and the window-seats are filled with pots, hyacinths, and everything, Hattie," said her mother. "How many pretty things! I hardly know where to put any more. On the cricket, in front of the table? Yes, that will do, and we will try to get you into the rocking-chair, and draw you near them."

Digitized by Google

"Do, dear mother!" said she; "they are ministering spirits. From those bright flowers, I learn patience, purity, love, zeal, devotion. Why should not man be happy, in a place so filled with beauty? Alas, that ever sin entered the world to make such havoc of the human family!"

One morning, after a restless sleep, Mr. Kate resolved to rise as soon as it was day, and go to the nearest green-house, about three miles, in quest of rosebuds and small, fragrant flowers. "I will bring them early, to surprise her. Dear child, how much do I thank my heavenly Father that I have the means to gratify her taste!" Before he was dressed, Hattie sent for him. He went to her as soon as possible.

"Father," said she, "I am almost ashamed to express a wish, you are so

Digitized by Google

kind and thoughtful, in getting me everything; but I should like —"

"Whatever it is, if money and good will can get it, you shall have," interrupted her father.

"Well," continued Hattie, "the first thing I thought of, this morning, was rosebuds; if you will, please, get me ever and ever so many! It makes me feel so much better to see them!"

"How strange!" said Mr. Kate, turning to his wife; "the first thought I had, was to get rosebuds and small flowers as early as I could this morning, and I should have been half way to the green-house, by this time, if I had not been called."

It was not till late in the afternoon that the flowers were arranged to Hattie's satisfaction, and then they were, indeed, as beautiful as beautiful could be.

Digitized by Google

I pass over the long, tedious nights, the heart-rending cough, the prayers, the groans, the tears, and long watchings of the afflicted parents, on the one side, and the sweetness, patience, gratitude, and spiritual rejoicings of the sick girl, on the other. Who has not stood at the bed-side of one of death's victims, and shuddered at the sight of the emaciated frame, the hollow cheek and sunken eye, or felt the scalding tears rush to his own eyes, as the last kiss was given?

It were well for us all to see the effect of death upon the mind of a believer in a higher, holier life. To such an one, there is no fear — nothing but the wish to be in the spirit-land; and though there be weeping at the sight of the lifeless clay, there will be no mourning, for the child is restored to the arms of its Father.

As the season comes round, let the

Digitized by Google

children of the village weave garlands of rosebuds to place upon the tomb of their beloved teacher; and let the poor and needy shed a tear at the sight of her monument, for her life was a blessing, and her death a lesson to both.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google